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he is present when some of the "Fritzes" captured at Stalingrad are questioned. He drinks with General Malinovsky. He visits a collective farm near Tula and sees how the peasants have contributed to the total war effort; he praises the Soviet workmen who stayed on the job when their factories were on the firing-line or who went with their machines far into the interior to maintain production. In all his experiences, Snow constantly emphasizes that the Soviet Union is as much an Asiatic as a European power and that the sturdy men and women of the USSR "are the products of only twenty-five years of socialism." And in a final plea for the closest American-Soviet collaboration he asserts: "The alternative is the pursuit of a policy of imposing our will by force; it is the policy of preparing for the Third World War, the war of the continents."

Of all the American journalists who have covered the Soviet Union, China, and India, Snow is certainly not the least qualified. Some of his judgments in this book may seem too highly personalized, too subjective, or too speculative—but on the whole, he brings to his calling integrity, respect for the facts, accurate powers of observation, a sense of history, and a powerful urge to know and understand the peoples of the countries he has visited. Perhaps that is why, unlike some "thirty days' wonders" or insidious enemies of the "people on our side," he contributes to an understanding of the world we live in.

J. B. DAVIDSON.

Spy Stuff Plus

THE FIVE ARROWS, by Allan Chase. Random House. \$2.50.

UNLIKE most glamorous spy-story newspapermen who find themselves secret-agenting on the side because some beautiful member of some underground bumps into them on a dark night, Matthew Hall, anti-fascist hero of *The Five Arrows*, is not very glamorous-looking because some of Franco's stooges gave his face a going-over in a San Sebastian jail. Moreover, he actually goes out looking for trouble to get himself into if he believes it will thwart the Axis; and when Gestapo agents start waving revolvers at his girl, it is on Matt's account, not the gal's own. This is, in short, a spy story with a difference, and the difference is Allan Chase's belief that democracy is indivisible and that its foes are the same everywhere.

The story is laid in "San Hermano," a South American country somewhere on the Atlantic coast. Don Anibal, the president, is fatally ill and the man who stands to succeed him is a fascist with proved connections with the Spanish Falange (of which the five arrows are the symbol) and the local Cross and Sword movement. Matt Hall, an American newspaperman and old friend and admirer of Don Anibal, heads down that way in 1942 when he hears of the situation.

From there on in, anything can happen and usually does. Trade union guys, members of the army, and friends at the Mexican Embassy pitch in and try to help Hall stop the Falange. Government officials, newspaper publishers, and Falange agents do their best to get him out of the way. He escapes several murder attempts; a Nazi agent is killed at his feet. And there's a secret trip to Havana, involving enough disguises and false names, parachute jumps, and burglary to keep any spy-story addict happy for a good long time.

But let me warn the addicts again that this is a different kind of a spy story. They will not be able to relax as A chases B, who is chasing X. The author always makes it clear who A and B and X really are and why they are chasing each other. The most moving and memorable of the *why* passages comes when Don Anibal, in a wheelchair, addresses the opening of congress on his conception of freedom and the anti-fascist war. This is followed by a description of the people's demonstration so ably done that it can only recall the excitement and faith of the account of the Popular Front victory in *The Fall of Paris*.

If there is any arresting fault to be found in the book, it lies in the tendency of some writing newspapermen (of whom Mr. Chase is unfortunately one) to step firmly into the shoes of John O'Hara when they get on the subject of girls and the relations of the sexes. Granting that Mr. O'Hara did some able pioneer work in the field, and also granting that the nice, politically-bird-brained Jerry Olmstead is a likable and credible heroine, isn't it about time a newspaperman picked himself another kind of girl, please?

But that's a minor point in a book that can both inform you about your friends and enemies to the South (entirely too much like those at home, by the way), and keep you on the edge of your chair for several hours.

SALLY ALFORD.

January 9, 1945 NM



SIGHTS and SOUNDS

IN THE WORLD OF ART

By MOSES SOYER

A FESTIVE atmosphere pervades the ACA Gallery. Its walls are alive with bright colors, and among the people who come and go one notices many whom one does not associate with regular gallery visitors—sailors and soldiers, working men and women, mothers with children. Reason: old one-eyed Burliuk is holding his annual court.

The exhibition is up to Burliuk's usual standard. By this I mean that it's full of beautiful pictures of red-cheeked stocky peasant girls in carnival dresses, realistic renderings of city streets, fanciful tea-parties, surrealist portraits of friends and fellow artists (among them a noble study of Nicolai Cikovsky and a lovely, tender watercolor of your correspondent's wife), lush, fresh flower pieces, intimate studies of nature in its many moods, and so on. The *piece de resistance* of the exhibition is, however, the "Children of Stalingrad" (reproduced in *NEW MASSES*, December 19). Like the "Unconquerable Russia" which Burliuk exhibited last year, this is a huge sombre tapestry of a painting in which he has woven together in rich, resonant, fiery colors and many styles the horrors of the dread and heroic eighteen months of the Stalingrad siege. We see "scenes of scorched earth, moments of terror and suffering, desperation and courage . . . fire, destruction, pillage and flight." In the center is the heroic figure of Mother Russia who "gathers up from the ruins her bruised children." (No one, I am certain, will fail to recognize Mary Burliuk in the figure of Mother Russia. A touching tribute to his lifelong companion and the mother of his two sons, who are now overseas with the American armed forces.) There is a group of gay children sitting at a table; playing games and drawing pictures, children already rehabilitated and secure. Against a flaming sky pierced by Nazi planes one can see guerrillas armed with pitchforks, peasants with their cattle moving into the forest, a rough Red Armyman holding tenderly in his arms a child that he rescued from the Nazis. It is Burliuk at his most resourceful and inventive, most respectful of traditions yet most disdain-

ful of artistic rules; in other words, at his best. He is a profound and humble, and as he says himself, "diligent," student of art. As in the case of Renoir, his work grows younger as he grows older. It is a message full of hope for the future. It reflects a lifetime rich in human experience and full living. Burliuk is, truly, a people's artist.

ARTISTS of the past, before they dared to show their work or accept commissions, had to go through a long pe-

riod of apprenticeship and study. No such idea of artistic education exists now. The standards by which art is judged have changed. One does not expect from an artist today the great technical accomplishment of the past, but rather originality and that he be different from the next fellow. It is possible to achieve good art without traditional art education; for example, Van Gogh, who did practically all his work in ten years, Gauguin, who started painting in middle life, and Rousseau,



"Autobiography," by Frank Kleinholz.